

Peterson's Poems





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J. J. PETERSON.

PETERSON'S POEMS

BY
J. J. PETERSON

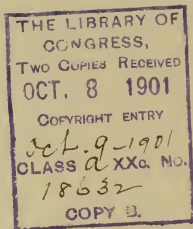
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
JOSEPH TYLER BUTTS



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PREFACE.

In presenting this collection of poems to the public, I desire to state, not in justification, but in mitigation, that almost all of them, including "The Rover," and nearly all of the verses entitled "Reflections," were written by me when only eighteen years of age.

I do not deem my mind to have strengthened sufficiently since that time, for the revision of the verses, should they require that treatment. Perhaps more mature years (I being now only twenty-one years of age) will show me the faults in my diction, which now only the candid criticism of a watchful public shall disclose. The plea of infancy has never been allowed in bar to the unwisdom of writing poetry; but I do not insist upon that plea in full justification of my offense, but would also interpose the fact of extensive travels, roamings and wanderings made by me before and after the writing of my

poems, which prevented me from devoting that time to study and meditation which I should have wished.

The verses under the title of "Reflections" are verses written at random, and linked together under this broad title.

Trusting that these feeble efforts shall be awarded that merit which they deserve, and that censure which they shall doubtless meet, with the knowledge of all who shall judge, that nothing human can be perfect, I submit my youthful labors before the severe eye of the critic.

Respectfully,

THE AUTHOR

EUTAW, ALABAMA.

INTRODUCTION.

Songs have been the deepest source of strength and solace to the human mind, since the ages when the minstrel Tyrtaios kindled with his voice the torch of patriotism, inspiring the Spartan warriors to deeds of unexampled bravery. Early history would be utterly unknown were it not for the bards whose voices are still heard in the thrilling epics which have become immortal.

The melody of a beautiful voice holds an eternal charm, and when the tones breathe the lines of a gifted poet it sways the soul to do its bidding, be it the soothing lullaby, the passionate song of a lover or the battle hymn of the soldier. Poetry set to song expresses and induces all emotions and all passions. Its scope is limitless, its powers inestimable, and

every pulse of the human heart responds in sympathy to the genius who has created it. So it is in the remarkable collection of verses held between these covers.

It is seldom in this prosaic age that we find a soul so intensely romantic, so deeply conscious of the purpose and possibilities of life, its gladness and its sorrow, its pain and its power, as the poet who fashioned these verses. Still stranger is it that this mature mind should be possessed by a youth of but eighteen, yet whose broad intelligence cannot be doubted after reading his work "The Rover," in the harmonic cadences of which life and death, hope and hate, bitterness and tenderness, alternate in rhythmic flow.

The pathetic ending is so touching, yet deep and forceful, one can but admire the genius of the writer while he weeps at his own weakness.

Who has not heard the buoy-bell's song, yet failed to hear its words until finding here the key to its meaning? No more plaintive melody has ever been sung,—not one better understood than by this author.

Its voice, after reading these lines, will ever

be heard, both on land and sea. The short verses are overflowing with originality; their charm is irresistible, and their beauty will win a place in the hearts of all who love as well as those who hate.

Nothing could be more logical, strong, and impressive than the verses on the "Judgment." The most scornful cynic, or the most blasé egotist, could not read it without a shiver of dread, and the keenest thrills of awe.

This little volume will find its way into the minds of those who know their favorite poets "by heart," and it is predicted with confidence, that these verses will live, and that the author, gifted with a rare talent, will take rank among the poets, whom the world delights to honor.

The literary style of "The Rover," recalls with irresistible force the poetic works of Walter Scott. We find in many of the passages all the unspeakable sadness of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." For example:

*"Old halls," said he, "to-morrow's night
Will find your master far from here;
The stars shall be his lonely light,
And guide his soul—he cares not where!*

*The ocean wave shall bear him on,
The storm shall be his dwelling place,
For, soon, he from thee must be gone.
He cannot love his native race!
Old halls, he loathes to leave you so,
For memories haunt thy silent ways,
But fate is fate and woe is woe,
He leaves! This debt to grief he pays."*

Then again it seems the reader can almost hear and feel the marvelous dash and spirit of Scott's "Marmion," in lines like these:

*"He had no hope, he knew no fear,
He scorned a smile, and scoffed a tear;
With the whole world he was at war,
He hated everything he saw,
And since he'd left his native land
He'd trod the shores of many a strand,
And trifled many a virgin's hand.
He seemed to long to rove, to rove;
The ocean was his only love—
On its free plains he loved to stay,
And in its billow loved to play—
Nor did he reck' his desert home—
His dwelling place was on the foam,
And on it he was wont to roam."*

Excerpts, however, can scarcely give an adequate understanding of the power displayed by the author in the well-sustained flow of his romantic narrative. The whole must be read to realize the artistic skill with which the author develops his theme.

There must be a great spiritual rather than commercial reward to a publisher in the satisfaction of having paved the way of a young poet toward the lofty halls of success and popularity. It has become proverbial that of all authors, poets find it hardest to get a hearing at the gates of those who hold the magic wand that brings renown; in other words, the publishers. Certainly no pecuniary reward can measure with the satisfaction which a publisher must cherish in bringing to the light of popular appreciation a singer, who has begged humbly at other doors without even the murmur of a responsive welcome.

It is worthy of remark in this connection, that the press of F. Tennyson Neely has ever been inclined to extend a welcoming hand to young poets, struggling to make themselves heard above the din of modern materialism.

Within the past three years, at ne

hundred volumes of poetry by hitherto unknown authors have appeared with Mr. Neely's imprint, many of which contain as artistic lines as may be found in the whole realm of literature.

Miss Minnie Gilmore, the inspired daughter of the famous bandmaster and composer, P. S. Gilmore, who was celebrated in the musical world of two continents, and to whose memory the daughter's book of poems, "Songs from the Wings," is dedicated, has struck immortal notes in many of her verses.

Where is a woman's love more powerfully portrayed than in these measures from "A Living Picture"?

*"Such is the love of woman; single, yet vast
in groove
Knowing beyond it, nothing:—nothing be-
low, above:—
Heaven, and earth, and Hades, all, in her
human love!"*

Here is an exquisite estimate of the actor's province from "Nature's Mirror," by the same author.

*"Mirror of Nature!" Thus
Triumphs his genius.
His, to reflect mankind,
Spirit, and heart, and mind;—
Doing its good and ill
Loving and hating well;—
Even as mortals will,
Serving both heaven and hell!"*

M. Louisa Palmier Myers, a brilliant woman of high social distinction and unusual culture, we find a poet of quite a different trend.

Her delightfully charming "An Idyl of the Rhine," is the story of "Love's first young Dream," and is understood to have been written for her beautiful and accomplished daughter, Mrs. H. E. Wagoner, a social favorite of St. Louis.

The style of this melodious work suggests irresistibly some of the fine passages in "Lucile."

There is a rare touch of the eternal feminine in these lines from her book, included under the title "The Flirtation":

*"The diff'rence one may plainly see
'Twixt worshipping a friend or me;
For women rarely fail to find
Excuses for a lover kind;
Each deems the passion she inspires
A holy flame of pure desires,
Yet thinks it duty to repress
A sister's show of tenderness."*

Henry McD. Flecher, the Texas poet, conceived some wonderfully brilliant pictures that have all the vividness of a painting, in his "Odin's Last Hour."

His work has received the most flattering recognition among the public and the critics alike.

There is space to quote but one short extract.

*"High o'er the heavens, which seemed one
spotless sun,
Wild wayward splendors, million-colored
run;
'And strangely glorious beings, faintly seen,
'Appeared at times beyond the dazzling sheen
Now half revealed, and now withdrawn from
sight,
To some high city of excessive light."*

"A Bird in Lincoln's Tomb" is the title of a little volume by Emily Thacher Bennett, that teems with lyrics and pastorals of the sweetest.

These lines are from the poem, "Lilies of the Valley":

*"Fragrant, fluted, waxen bells
Drooping on their stem;
Honey in their secret cells—
Jesus cares for them.
"Bells just large enough to ring
Little dewes from dreams;
Who it is that pulls the string?
Ask the meadow streams."*

Josephine L. Roberts, in the "The Rose of Joy," demonstrates what a world of poetry lies in the cadences of blank verse when handled by an artist. The following passage will suffice to show her skill:

*"The blithesome summer hurried on apace
Where spring has gone. The daisies snowy-
edged
Gleamed in the wide space of the meadow-
land;*

*The wild rose nestled on its leafy couch,
Its petals scattered by the lightest breeze
Until one day the hot midsummer sun
Contracted its rays and made the earth
Its focus."*

Among the powerful poets that have found fame under the aegis of Mr. Neely, is Colonel John A. Joyce, whose recent work on Edgar Allan Poe has attracted so much attention.

Colonel Joyce's verses have the knack of impressing themselves indelibly upon the mind, not only because of the melody of their flow, but the unforgettable tenderness of the emotions they inspire.

The following lines are among his favorite ones:

*"And she was fair,
With dark brown hair—
Her voice rang out upon the air
Like vesper bells
In convent cells
When Love its holy music tells.*

*"She said, 'Some day,
We'll sail away,
O'er bounding billows fringed with spray,
And for awhile
We'll bask and smile,
Within some sweet, enchanted isle.'"*

Poetry applied for the purpose of intensifying the humor of a subject, facetious in itself, is put to admirable use in the verses of W. Meredith Underhill:

*"Perhaps it were better,
The Muse to embrace,
Than the dear little maiden
In chiffon and lace."*

This is good perhaps, but the author did not abide by it, for:

*"I stop for a moment
My brain in a whirl
And spend a half-hour
Embracing the girl."*

In Cleland Kernestaffe we find a poet, who in his volume, "Pebbles and Pearls," displays a

most bewildering versatility of theme. His collection embraces poems serious and humorous, tender and coy, poems of sunny meadows and singing birds and again verses of unutterable sadness, but above all lyrics that tremble with passion, half suppressed, half avowed.

The following, from the poem "Rosebud and Rose" is in his most charming, humorous vein:

*"The mother is 'fair, fat and forty,'
A widow—fast—fickle and fond;
The daughter, too young to be haughty,
Is a dear little, flaxen-haired blonde;
'Tis hard to decide (without taking advice)
For one is so naughty, the other so nice.*

May Howell Beecher, in "Trespassing, and Other Verses," has collected a delightfully refreshing string of poems, that breathes the very balm of the new spring tide. Some, indeed, are in a minor key, and we quote from "Little Old Shoes":

*"Little old shoes all battered and worn
I remember them new and a-shine
As here and there they pattered about
On that wee little son of mine."*

Radiant bits of harmony and light issue from the poems of Florence Danforth Newcomb, collected under the title, "The Carnival of Venice." The selection which follows has been widely quoted:

*"The brown-eyed flower girl's envying gaze
Is on the lady fair,
So lovely is the shoulder white,
On which the jewels break in light,
So golden is her hair.*

*"She wears no mask upon her face,
In dancing takes no part;
But dream you in your envy, girl,
That she with rare and radiant curl
Wears closely masked her heart?"*

That delightfully charming, brilliant and beautiful member of society, Miss Maude A. Irving, achieved a notable triumph with her book of verses, "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Girl," brought out by Mr. Neely; and Mrs. Katherine Berry di Zéréza is to appear shortly with a new book of poems.

This hasty and meager review of what the

publisher has done in encouragement of the poetic Muse would be incomplete without the mention of James Whitcomb Riley, incomparable and immortal, some of whose work has appeared with the Neely imprint.

JOSEPH TYLER BUTTS.

PETERSON'S POEMS.

The Rover.

Whoe'er hath viewed love in its dawn,
Waking the midnight into morn;
Or into wakefulness that weeps
The beauty that so gently sleeps
Far from the heart that fain would rest
Its anguish in a woman's breast—
Whoe'er hath seen love's sad decline
Upon a life that knew no sin,
Yet, hardened by its first despair
Soon found that sin was everywhere,
And loosening to its maddening turn
Became a portion of its ruin—
Whoe'er hath seen the careless stare
Of wasted youth, and sorrow's heir,
And reckoned that in childhood's strife

'An early grief had poisoned life,
And 'prisoned hope within the cell
That made youth hate—and life a Hell—
Whoe'er hath known one tempest tossed
From sea to sea, yet never lost—
Now battling with the torrid gale,
Now boasting by a shivered sail,
Whose passion struggling for relief
Had burst the fountain of his grief—
Whoe'er hath witnessed such a dream
Hath known the hero of my theme.

I

'October's sun was bending o'er
The evening hills as ne'er before,
The pictured sky was fading fast
Its silver in a deeper cast,
And to his glorious golden tent
The orb of day his journey bent.

II

Save where on yonder meadowed place,
Beside the brook's wild-running race,

Enrapt in beauty's blindest dream,
Two youthful lovers may have been,
The fields were empty, sage and bare,
And Nature smiled without a care.

III

The lovers start, and by the brake
That shelters 'round the placid lake,
They wend their way through fern and fall
Until they reach a mansion hall
Of splendid court, and ancient grace
Which gave a reverence to the place :
And both were fair and both were young,
And Ethel was the maiden's name
From noble lineage both had sprung,
And Alan was the youth's name ;
And he had chosen her his bride,
And she but loved him as a friend—
Their love, however near allied,
Should not in matrimony end.

IV

And now they halt, and he beside
The maiden who should be his bride

In two short years, and gave the kiss
Which fain would seal their happiness,
And now they part, and now the lad
Is passing through the evening's shade,
Leaving the tender lass behind
To view, alone, the day's decline.

* * * * *

V

Two years passed by, and in those years
Changes had darkened o'er the cares
Of that proud youth who knew no fears;
A father's hall, a father's smile
Now bade no welcome to his child,
And Ethel's heart was cold to him.
He saw his hopes before him swim
His eyes looked on, grew faint and dim.
What was there now to cheer his heart
When all most dear seemed to depart,
When friends, once warm, now seemed so cold,
And pastures green had grown so old?
'Twas more than his full heart could hold!

VI

We find him on a bitter night
Sitting alone by his firelight,

Dreaming o'er the past's decay
That, once, had seemed so bright and gay,
Now withered to a wintry lay.

VII

"Old halls," said he, "to-morrow's night
Will find your master far from here;
The stars shall be his lonely light,
And guide his soul—he cares not where!
The ocean wave shall bear him on,
The storm shall be his dwelling-place,
For, soon, he from thee must be gone,
He cannot love his native race!
Old halls, he loaths to leave you so,
For memories haunt thy silent ways,
But fate is fate and woe is woe,
He leaves! this debt to grief he pays!"

VIII

And now the morning light is seen
To glimmer o'er the Eastern green,
And shiver with its silver beam
And break with its unbroken stream
The last receding rays of gloom
That hang about his haunted room.

IX

The sad youth starts, he looks without
His window to the fields about ;
He views the hills his childhood tried
In climbing their most treacherous side,
And gazes on the dancing stream—
The spot where many a childish dream
Had brought delight into his eye—
And fancied how he once would try
His strength against its rushing tide
'Till he would gain the other side.
He viewed the random cattle graze
Upon the waving fields of maize,
Their muffled bells all bright with dew,
Ringing until their tinklings drew
The balance of the herd in view.

X

Now toward a distant grove he turns :
Ethel before his mind returns.
Said he, "That grove in which you live
Shall bend in age e'er I survive
The errors of thy virgin breast
That will not give my spirit rest :

And I shall but remember thee
As one sweet thought to brighten me,
When I am tossed from sea to sea!"
He paused; a voice sounds at his gate!
"My sir! your pleasure we await,
The carriages are here, my sir!
The road is rough; the journey far;
Your ship is anchored in the bay:
Suppose we start, sir, right away!"

* * * * *

XI

Two years had passed, and in those years,
Changes had darkened o'er the cares
Of that proud youth who knew no fears.
Changes not slight, for on his brow
Were written all the pangs of woe:
No smiles were seen upon his face,
But Melancholy took their place—
He could not love his native race.
His eyes were filled with fancy, too;
His cheek assumed a paler hue:
His voice was not so bold as when
He strolled across the meadow green.

Those years had been a life to him—
All mixed with maddest mirth and whim,
All checkered from without; within
All tainted with the taint of sin;
Misspent in thwarted dreams, until
Life seemed to him too full to fill;
He had no hope, he knew no fear,
He scorned a smile, and scoffed a tear:
With the whole world he was at war,
He hated everything he saw,
And since he'd left his native land
He'd trod the shores of many a strand,
And trifled many a virgin's hand.
He seemed to long to rove, to rove;
The ocean was his only love—
On its free plains he loved to stay,
In its billow he loved to play—
Nor did he reck' his desert home—
His dwelling-place was on the foam,
And on it he was wont to roam.

XII

We see him on a Spanish craft
Flying before the wind like chaff,

Careless whither the wind should waft.
He is in the South seas; on flies
His vessel to the Southern skies,
Tossing the spray from off its prow,
Plowing the billow with its plow,
Leaving a seething wake behind,
Followed by monsters of the slime,
Glassing the blue dip of the wave,
Braving the whistling gale so brave;
Riding the mountains of the sea,
Sweeping the gullies in its glee—
So bold, so proud, so strong, so free.

* * * * *

XIII

How goes it, seaman! on the mast
When loudly blows the breaking blast?
Do not the dangers breed alarm,
Or do no terrors ride the storm,
When all the waters seem to boil,
And by the pumps the sailors toil;
When hoarsely sounds the breakers' roar,
And floods of liquid o'er you flow?
How is it, sea-boy! when the hiss
Of waters come from the abyss—

Settling, now, your wandering bed,
And showing nothing in its stead,
Save the wild waters of the deep
And the gray skies that o'er them weep—
And the surge, 'neath which you must sleep?

XIV,

On—on the vessel flies. 'Tis night
Lighting all with its living light.
Alan is on the starboard deck,
Watching a dainty, distant speck
Sailing on the dark blue waters.
“We've company! there are others
In this beautiful Southern clime,”
Said he, “chasing over the brine!”
He hails the vessel, but it flees
Before the evening's freshening breeze,
And dies far in the distant seas.

· XV|

The hours pass on. 'Tis midnight's hour—
The moon has left her torrid tower,

The stars have hid their steady gaze
 Behind the upper kingdom's haze,
 And all is dark, save on the poop
 The lantern swings upon its rope—
 As it were the last beam of hope.

THE BUOY-BELL SONG.

To-night—to-night, while all is bright,
 The waves are rolling,
 My voice is tolling
 For the sailor-boy,
 Tossing like a toy
 On the wild, fierce, wave
 That shall be his grave;
 To-night—to-night, while all is bright,)

2

To-night—to-night, while all is bright,
 I sing of others,
 Deep in the waters,
 Resting from life's chill, \

Where the tides are still;
They have gone to rest
In the Ocean's breast,
To-night—to-night, while all is bright.

3

To-night—to-night, while all is bright,
There's a distant home
Where one shall ne'er roam;
There are children's lips
In prayer, ah! perhaps,
And the fire-light burns
For who ne'er returns;
To-night—to-night, while all is bright.

XVI

While thus the youth his song outpoured,
A storm was brooding from the west,
And now about his craft it roared,
And flung his ship from crest to crest.
The sea so calm an hour before
Seemed e'en to Heaven its wrath to pour :

Charged thunder shook the furious night,
And lightning lit the awful sight,
And showed the youth his hideous plight.
Morn with her mists is seen to dawn—
But such a morn—but such a morn!
No sun is rising from the east,
No beam is dancing o'er the yeast,
No waking hail is heard to come
From out the sailor's scanty room,
No seamen rise from peaceful sleep.
But darkness reigns upon the deep,
Lit only by the lightning's leap.

XVII

'All day the storm burst on the bark,
All day the sky was drear and dark.
At eve the pumps were heard to creak—
The stricken craft had sprung a leak:
'And fast the waters filled the hole—
Their fury, now, seemed double fold,
The sailors' hopes had died away,
Some ceased to care, some seemed to pray—
'And one, alone, now watched the spray.

XVIII

That night, beneath the silent wave,
A vessel rested from its toil;
That night, ah! many found a grave
Where no winds fail—or waters boil.
The ship, at eve, had sunk to rest
Beneath the billows' angered breast,
And all the terrors of its doom
Were buried in a night of gloom,
And, now, all quiet was the scene—
The Ocean's breast was calm again.

XIX

It happened that—when just before
The vessel plunged beneath the roar
That swept the main-deck o'er and o'er,
'And dragged the struggling crew below,
Young Alan saw a broken mast
Drifting beside him; and he knew
Full well the vessel could not last—

And that the hopes for life were few;
He stood a moment, then he dashed
His body in the tide and lashed
It to the broken mast he clasped.

XX

Whatever should have been the fate
That cast his body in the tide,
Had it but turned a moment late,
He must have perished by the side
Of those who lingered on the craft,
And sunk beneath the waves as chaff;
For just as he had left the ship
Its starboard bow began to dip,
And, in a moment, all the crew,
Save him had perished 'neath the blue.

XXI

All night he drifted; and all night
He battled with the wind and tide,
When morning broke, land was in sight—
An island to the left he spied.

Soon reaching the deserted strand
The youth climbed up its beach of sand,
'Til sheltered by the forest deep
He laid his wearied form in sleep—
His dark hair flowing in the breeze,
His limbs outstretched in graceful ease.

XXII

And thus I found this truant lad
Upon the lonely Southern isle;
When I awaked him he seemed glad—
His pale face lit up with a smile.
But, soon, that face grew calm and sad,
And he outpoured his heart to me,
His journeys over land and sea,
His wild adventures on the deep,
His night of toil, his restful sleep.

XXIII

I told him how I chanced to find,
Upon the shore, his wasted form;
That his lot was akin to mine,
That I had been saved from the storm;

And that my ship had failed to brave
The torture of the lawless wave,
But clinging to a broken mast
That I had gained the shore at last.

* * * * *

XXIV

'Twas three months after when a sail,
In seeking shelter from a gale,
Had anchored in the quiet bay
Which, by the fertile island, lay.
I hailed the ship and gained her side,
But Alan would not go with me,
"For he, at present, would abide
On the lone isle, alone," said he;
"For he had learned to love the place
More strongly than his native race,
And 'neath its unfrequented shade
A habitation he had made;"
But, just before I left the youth,
I saw strange fire flush from his cheek;

"Stranger," said he, "you know the truth,
Of my strange fate to Ethel speak."
My eyes grow weak, my tale is done,
The image of my dream is gone.

XXV

My sister! as I close this theme,
Thy name presents itself to me:
Whate'er has been my youthful dream
Whate'er my life to others seem—
It is not as I'd have it be.
Swift years have passed since when I knelt
Before thy childish form and felt
Thy mother's breath in thee survive—
That urged me for thine own sake live.
Swift and yet slow those years have passed
Since when I viewed thy features last,
And, now, I feel as though in vain
I longed to see thy face again,
And look into the same sweet smile
That knew thee when a thoughtless child.
But, Mary, whate'er has been given

To cheer this lonely life I lead,
Whate'er has soothed my heart, now riven,
Where'er my fainting soul has striven,
Or where, all blighted, it would bleed,
My hopes to some day bless thy life,
And keep my mother's child from grief,
Have been the uppermost—indeed.
And although all such hopes are past,
The wish which wished them was sincere!
While 'bout me howls the torrid blast,
And o'er me sighs my storm-swept mast,
My eye, for once, must shed a tear!
My heart must break!—at last—at last!

Reflections.

I

At times the silent leaves will wet the eye
And fill the heart, and shade the sullen brow;
At times the blaze of Autumn's evening sky
Swells deep into the heart—we know not how;
At times the Ocean from the ship's proud bow
Will send a pensive anguish to the mind,
Which sears the thoughts that pain cannot
allow
To rule the wreck that rules a human kind,
And tears divinity from what would be divine.

II

At times the grave is rest; and grace and a
stare,
When, brooding as a specter o'er the heart,
Dark Melancholy sits—and ponders there,
And tears from us that peace it would impart;

And leave us listless in life's lingering dart
 To doubt the dream which feigned would let
 us live
 Upon a sphere where naught but dreams can
 start
 Forgetfulness for what we can believe,
 Forgiveness for favorites we cannot forgive.

III

At times a stranger comes into the mind
 With saddened tales which echo from the past,
 And scatters tears when nothing we can find—
 But woe that shows the future as 'tis cast:
 'Tis then we say to sorrow,—“Will it last,
 Or will you leave me on to-morrow's morn,
 That I may meditate life's dull repast,
 And not still hate the day that I was born,
 And make mildew of rain, and midnight out of
 morn?”

IV

What profit can a son of fortune gain,
 When all his youth with madness is beset;
 What honor is there in the crowd's disdain —
 Or where is peace when life is but a fret?,

Why are our spirits linked with past regret
Which keeps us battling 'gainst a wretched
heart,
Which, as a mansion, bare and desolate,
Abandoned, sacked and sad, can but revert
Its ruin into each relic which relief would start?

V.

What pleasure is there in a father's frown—
Imbedded in each look upon his child,
Envenomed with remorseless hates around
The fireside it spent a pleasant while
In infancy—beneath a mother's smile?
How can one thank the portion of his youth
For that which poisoned birth as a reptile,
And nestled existence far more uncouth,
And cradled childhood's felicity in untruth?

VI

And kindred's scorn! as though I spurned the
trash
Of those who claim my blood — and yet dis-
claim—
I leave to them but nine short lines and smash
The picture as a blot upon my name!

Stepmothers; red-haired fiends who love to
live;

Uncles; aunts; false cousins—who eat for
fame—

And all the balance who may now survive,
To teach the devil lies, and harlots to deceive!

VII

At times no welcome speaks from the dèbris
Of ancient castle or benighted site;
At times the ruins which moulder in decay
Touch not the exile lingering by their fright;
At times the haunted places mock our sight
And show no spirits but belie the mind,
As, by each pile, new mysteries alight
To hide the feelings which we fear to find,—
Not bitter, yet not sweet, not cold, and yet un-
kind!

VIII

At times we do not love the threatening tide
Which sweeps upon Cabana's silvery plain;
And, oft, the heart grows sick, and turns aside
From strange Niagara-thundering in her rain;

At times the earth's a myth, and life a bane;
And Nature often loses all her charms
Save of, perhaps, upon the watery main,
Where, sobbing as an infant in her arms,
We hide our care in waves, and gulf our grief
in storms.

IX

I am a rover on the wide, wide sea!
No cares have I, save those I leave behind!
No curses levy when the wine flows free
On the proud ship which bears me on the brine!
Why should I reck the woes of humankind—
That gave my youth to torture and disdain,
While gazing on the Ocean's endless mine,
Or walking lone beside its noiseless plain—
Or wrestling with its flow, or frightening in its
rain?

X

My hammock swings above the bold fore-deck,
And that's my home; a place without a care—
And there I dream whene'er my dreams elect
Of far off lands, while tangling my dark hair,
The breezes come, and whisper sweet songs
there!

All day, all night, I mingle with the mists
Which proclaim freedom's voice from every-
where,
And have communion with the Earth's mis-
tress,
Riding in her awful chariot of distress.

XI

I have no sorrows that I do not choose!—
For what is sorrow but a paltry sting?
I hate not man, for nothing can I lose
By loving not, yet loving everything!
And when my goodly ship to port shall bring
Her cargo from the far off southern isles,
The banquet halls are lit, fair women sing,
The aged wine fills revelry with smiles,
And merry laughter lights the lamp which love
beguiles!

XII

What care I for the never changing tale
That still resounds from often misspent days;
What care I for the dull, protracted wail
Which comes from life whose mandate none
obeys

While peace, awhile, within my spirit stays?
And why should I regret the things that be
Or curse mankind for what no curse allays,
While tossing high upon a friendly sea,
Or dwelling on a shore untaught to strange
beauty?

XIII

An exile shall I be; a wanderer
Into the wilds of Nature—to there view
Places not yet defiled by man's leveler—
For man's leveler is man; to imbue
The soul with purity, seek not the pew
Nor the parson; nor the pulpit; but seek
The wildest wilds where Nature's pale azure
Shows the Almighty's form in every freak
You find implanted in each fadeless hue
Of star and sky; of wood and wild; of drouth
and dew!

XIV

The Night shall be my mistress; and the breeze
My swift enchantress; yon sail my delight;
My port the spot where'er my vessel flees;
The stars that shine upon the sea at night

Shall be my watchlight from their heavenly
height!

Thrice welcome to my craft! ye pouting gale
Spending your lightning as an angel's flight!
Your storm shall be my passion and my tale,
Your waves my wildest joy, your deep, per-
haps, my wail!

XV

I am a rover
Wandering over
The blue of the deep Atlantic!
Yon deep's heedless speed,
Naught does my heart heed,
E'en though its billows be frantic!

XVI

I care not how swift
Yon currents shall shift
On the broad wastes of their waters;
Nor do I regret
That my sail is set
Far from the land of my fathers.

XVII

O how I love you
My sweet daisy blue
That walks alone on the ocean,
And, in thy strange form,
Survives the dark storm
That sets thy sea in commotion!

XVIII

And what do I care
When the masts are bare
Or rigged for the gale's loud wailing;
And what gives alarm
In the sullen calm
While on thy breast I am sailing?

XIX

I hate not my kin
Who bark at my sin
As I toss on the heedless waves,
I sail on and on
As the worms are born,
And as they sink in tearless graves!

XX

I roam all the day
 On the frightful spray
 Which bathes my face in its dashing,
 Or drift with the tide
 Which runs by my side
 And meets the waves in their splashing!

XXI

'And when day is done
 And hid is the sun
 My vessel plies on as ever,
 Forgetting the scene
 Night's mantle would screen
 'Til it and night pale together.

XXII

When the Spring's first bloom
 Wakes Winter's long gloom
 Or clothes the earth with sweet flowers,
 I think of youth's day,
 When by the still bay
 As a child, I spent the swift hours.

XXIII

And when Spring is gone
And Summer is born
To cheer the world with her roses,
I dream of my youth,
And curse bitter truth
For the mock it now discloses.

XXIV

When Autumn's clear skies
Bring tears to my eyes
And wastes the green on the meadow,
I view these dull years
Embittered in fears
For what was seen in their shadow.

XXV

And, when with the storm,
Comes Winter's cold form
To chill what Autumn has wasted.
Its dirges recall
A deserted hall—
And a life which has been blasted.

XXVI

Ah! the Western Sun
 To his home has gone
 And swift clouds are sailing over;
 And the day grows dark —
 As a fading spark,
 And has left me yet a rover!

XXVII

Who would not be a rover and despise
 Hypocrisy in all its varied shows?
 Who would forever be the aim of lies,
 And scandals, low as Hell to Heaven bows?
 Who would give battle to ignoble foes,
 List at asses, or humble to a beast,
 Or give to man respect one never owes,
 Or speechless sit while, slowly, vultures feast
 Upon his naked breast? Who would?—to say
 the least!

XXVIII

Fly on! fly on! my lily sail! fly on!
 Amidst this joyous yeast which heaves the tide
 Across thy pathway on this misty morn!
 For on the sea my youthful sports were tried:

And, now, when youth is blighted, and when
 lied
And scoffed at by this herd of human prey,
Its bosom has not me as much denied
As those whose envy is as vile as they—
Therefore bear me onward, and let's forget the
 clay!

XXIX

Ye winds! horn of the Almighty, and voice
Sweeping from unfathomed chaos! ye winds
And storms and gales with whom I now re-
 joice,
That spurnest the lot of man, and that sends
Him howling before thy tempests, 'til he ends!
Was spirit to sleep when thou wouldst stir!
Thou passion of the sky which o'er me bends,
Can mankind scorn thy paths when thou
 wouldst err—
Or heap calumny on thine untamed Lucifer!

XXX

Thou art the siren of the Night! with thee
Night becomes the theme of thy sweet music—
The clouds, the air, alas, the earth, the sea
Doth become thine auditors! strange, mystic

Thy wizard notes reverberate fast and thick
The echoes of a sadness which I feel
My life is cast, which burns my life's lamp-
 wick;
Hell shouts; all Nature screams, and heavens
 yield
Their hosts of ills and ails to swell thy loud ap-
 peal.

XXXI

My love is fixed on things inanimate,
Yet animate with me—the wind—the storm!
I am not of the flesh with which I'm rate,
Though human in my fate, though of man's
 form
I am not of his spirit, and the charm
Of his existence is not mine! Behold
Yonder ocean thundering its alarm!
Behold the tempest sailing loud and bold,
And yon crag sheltering o'er the sea! Behold!
 behold!

XXXII

Strange reckoner of thy course, of thy speed,
Which comest from Æolus; in thy gale;

Thy lull ; thy lengthening calm what dost thou
heed ?

By day ; by silent night ; by shivered sail,
Speaking now in thunder, now in a wail !
Ye winged winds ! how fierce thine accents
flow,

Or else how fevered in thy false detail,
Thou whisper of the World ! thou strange echo
From the mysterious, how can I love you so !

XXXIII

Dawn cometh in his mists, but dawn must fade !
And midday in his splendor yields to noon !
And noon in her fleet chariot is stayed,
For Night is softening evening with her
moon—

And restless Night must pale to a buffoon,
Giving the reins of Earth to morn again
All gray with weird shapes, at times, too soon !
But the Wind is unchangeable ! inane
Is all Nature, Earth, Sea and Man, to its do-
main.

XXXIV

The seasons are its creatures, and the zones
Its begotten; the Soul its harp, and man
Its faint aggressor, and his desert bones
Its rattler on the rôle of Time's errand;
The hope of all is centered in its hand,
Shattering now the roof which claims the birth
Of Kings; splintering the forest's command,
'And howling o'er the fast forsaken Earth,
It dwellest, alone, upon its dismembered hearth.

XXXV

Hear the war cry of the Elements! hear
Their peal from out the armies of the air;
They're laying low Earth's children far and
near!
Hear the minstrelsy of Nature everywhere!
Watch the thunderbolt rift the dark cloud bare,
Gaze on the Night; look at the lightning's leap,
Forking his tongue from out his muttering
lair,
'And you will find that man's contemptuous
creep
Is but a bubble on the wild Elements' sweep.

XXXVI

Reposing on a distant, western isle
A city slumbered quietly and long,
While swept from out the Ocean's briny wild
The dirges of a melancholy song.
No sign of tempest stirred the merry throng
Which gathered 'round the festive board that
 night,
The good; the evil; the righteous or the wrong
Prevailed in each to mingle with the sight
That waked a stricken land, and hid a morn-
 ing's light.

XXXVII

Full many a soul that night had lain the care
That came from other hearts, to rest in vain,
Or added to its woes another share
Of disappointed hopes; another stain
Of proud regret to teach the heart disdain;
Some sweetly slept, some the hot pillow
 pressed
And found in darkness yet a drearier bane,
Others reveled—to find in that some rest
From the monotony of life—that's found the
 best!

XXXVIII

Did they not hear the awful gathering sound
Which seemed to grasp and hurl the waters on,
And bury thunderbolts in every mound—
And strike from wave to Heaven, groan for
groan?

Did not each echo respond tone for tone?
Did not their peal recoil, and splash and splash
Make mirthful mockery of every moan?
Son, sire, forgotten or unknown, poor trash
Which sunk into the gloom, didst thou not hear
the crash?

XXXIX

Heard ye it not! stranger or citizen,
As, on, the waters rolled into thy shore?
And sung their sighs as every wave went in
From watery plain—from out the Ocean's
roar?

Which stilled the heart-beats that should throb
no more
After the dismal task was done? Was sleep

So peaceful then, or was it as before
That revelry and Bacchus' cup was sweet,
Which stunned the maddened cry which her-
alded at thy feet!

XL

City! whose laws the minds of man arranged
To turn nations; to silence every foe
Who bared his arm! wandering from thy
changed
And direful sight, thy children from thee go!
And o'er the land a wail is heard to pour
From stricken victims of that boisterous wave
Which washes on, serenely in its flow,
Which sunk thy gardens 'neath its crested lave,
And stretched thy sons uncoffined in its cav-
erned grave.

XLI

A few days past beheld thy mart in pride,
A sharer of the wealth of this fair land.

But now no vessels linger by thy side,
Thy sons are swept away as so much sand!
And now but few are seen upon thy strand!
Dull man must learn a lesson ere he tries;
His days are but the turning of a hand,
What can he do, e'en all his strength should
 rise;
Poor thing whose hope is but a moment, ere
 it dies.

XLII

When we reflect our youth, and, alas, feel
That things are not what once they feigned to
 seem,
Our feet would falter and our brains woul reel;
The time when hope would shed her brighten-
 ing beam,
And beauty reign o'er love's triumphant dream,
Forms a sanctuary of holy thoughts
Which wake our midnight slumbers, and which
 gleam
As real visions from our tomb of faults,
Degrading the victim whom honor's voice ex-
 alts,

XLIII

Youth is the crown of life; manhood its thorn;
Age its derelict; and death its last fire;
Yet, in a moment, we are come and gone;
A crown, a thorn, a derelict! expire.
But not before you of the journey tire,
And we shall call that Death, whether or not
Our souls are to be burned by heavenly ire,
Or sleep within a quiet church-yard lot,
Anything, Lord! anything—just to be forgot.

XLIV

I love that mansion which is bowed in age,
For desolation, as the heart's decline
Breathes silent beauty from its worn-out cage,
And mingles thought with Beauty's last repine:
Such cannot but appeal to every mind!
The ruined wall; the hoary castle's site:
The empty niche; the oft forsaken shrine,
Subdues the eye that views their mournful
 plight,
Which weeps the grandeur that would speak
 from out their fright.

XLV

Behold Carthage! behold what Grace hath done
To ornament the ruin which moulders there,
And consecrate what industry begun!
Grace dwells amid her ashes of despair
And hovers where once walked the fairy fair!
The sunset sky that's pictured in her fate,
The hectic hue of death which lingers where
Napoleon shook Egypt's ancient state,
Sheds grandeur o'er the graves where sleep the
vanquished great.

XLVI

Behold Greece!—birthplace of all beauty, home
Of all elegance, and the place where thrived
The mother of the arts, who cradled Rome;
And sacred earth where Thebe and Spartan
strived—
Where Homer sung and Alexander lived!
Greece did not perish with Thermopylæ—
Nor fade when Pindar died! It has survived,
And still we muse o'er Sappho's reverie,
Or Euripides, warring in his ecstasy.

XLVII

So lives the land where Glory shed a plume,
Or honor left a fragment of esteem;
And while we walk by desolated tomb
Strange thoughts appear, as though within a
 dream,
And pillage harkens in its breathless scream,
And while beside the scenes which we survey,
The heart, reluctant, turns from what is seen,
Not in sorrow, yet in pity for the clay
That moulders 'neath the ancient city's obloquy.

XLVIII

Who would not live as of the past and be
Of what has been; and who would scarcely feel
A portion of the things that he must see;
Who would not fly from earth, nor quite con-
 ceal
His indifference for its rushing wheel,
When life is—oh! I cannot tell,
And hope is rooted in a barren field,
And peace, alone, is found in a farewell—
What anguish is haunted within this human
 cell!

XLIX

Fierce wrath that I have kindled 'gainst myself,
Thou tyrant Woe, that rules my very soul!
Strange sorrow, grief, or spirit in me left,
Or Fortune which would leave the breast so
cold!

It is sufficient that I can behold
My years so young, and yet so sparely spent,
Indwelling in my ruin as to console
My mind in ruins far greater in extent,
And different in their nature and their element.

L

It is sufficient that I cannot see
The future doom which waits the one now
sealed!

This empty vase; this void wherein I be;
This haunt of misery thou hast revealed
Is ample for the present. That concealed
Whate'er its woe, is welcome to the heart
Whose desolation, hatred has congealed;
Fate holds the reins, I care not when they part
To free a thousand pangs from out a poisoned
dart!

LI

O Fate! Devisor of all Destiny;
Of that which we can scarcely violate,
And yet, we murmur at its sanctity
That made life false, and joy a triumph late!
'Curst be the Godhead of remorseless fate,
Whose edict is the torture, that I see
Imposed on those who fain would change their
state
Victims of its caprice; of its grim glee;
Or guests to swell the minstrelsy of Hecate.

LII

Our natures are untrue to what they seem,
And what we find in earth is not sincere,
And life, at best, is but a thwarted dream
Of what is not, yet what we can but fear.
The grave seems cold, but what a panacea
Is death?—the end of nothingness and pain,
Of rottenness and vice and guilt, whene'er
It wraps a human in its linkless chain,
And mixes that with dust, which birth would
all contain.

LIII

What was this earth for Heaven!—should I
ask
What means this dream of an eternity;
What means this hard lot of our daily task;
Those stars which meet the wanderer's weary
eye;
That silent moon which sails across the sky?
Poor son of man who bows before his God!
How vainly he appeals for a reply,
How shortly shall another nation trod
O'er the cold ground where nothing marks
where he is sod.

LIV

And yet, how do we struggle in this life,
And tire of the unequal toil—and taste
Of all the bitter fruits which fill the brief—
Mixing each joy with grief in our haste?
Ere long we give our bodies up a waste;
Age numbers from the deeds we would essay,
Not by the fleeting moments we should chase,
The past must be the stage of every play,
To-day we linger 'bout the graves of yesterday.

LV

A youth is just from college, and he sees!
He sees! a struggling world before him lies;
He feels new vigor from each freshening
 breeze;
Manhood is in his step; behold his prize—
A subdued world—whose power he defies!
Ambition's fire is planted in his breast,
And victory is written in his eyes,
He launches now his ship, see him depart,
And sail upon an unknown sea without a chart!

LVI

Whither his course he knows not, nor he cares
But he must be in motion; on he speeds;
He founds a land; or sect; or tribe; or bears
The banners of a host which Earthdom heeds,
And subjugates, or mows men down as weeds;
The nations weep to satiate his thirst,
And bend before him like so many reeds;
He rides upon the storm his strength has burst,
And frowns upon his own—cold, merciless, ac-
 cursed.

LVII

Alas, his destiny has set; alas
 His restlessness is turned to bitter rest:
 Infamy, disgrace, and hatred, alas!
 Prey on the slow fire of his aching breast.
 No more is splendor on his bosom prest,
 No more is honor with his fate allied.
 He sinks, he sinks,—infamous and unblest,
 With enemies arrayed on every side—
 Alike his Eastern god—he dies unsatisfied.

LVIII

And what is Glory? What a mock is fame!
 Are not we dead and thrown in our graves
 Before the world will laudit our true name?
 And glory is a feeling which enslaves
 The restlessness against which genius raves
 Until the cage which binds the soul will break,
 And yield the censure which the spirit craves—
 And gives those charms which other minds for-
 sake,
 And leaves its hero lost, at last, with a heart-
 ache.

LIX

Hard was the fight upon Waterloo's field—
Stifling the sulphurous smoke which hid its
 blood:
Brave were the souls who burnished cannon
 wield,
Fierce the charging steed, and marshalling
 flood—
And after it, many lain and few stood.
But who reck'd wretched homes within fair
 France,
As from the plains surviving hosts were
 mowed;
Who reck'd the dangers from an English lance
Or shame, when genius 'rose sadly from its
 trance.

LX

Napoleon was wearied on the night,
Which, as a dark-plumed vulture bathed in ink,
Shed darkness o'er the fields of English right—
He should have been, if heedlessness can think
Of retribution for false fancy's drink.
How! how! could he appease a Mother's
 pain—

La France! La France!—his parents' love must
shrink!

Her star must set, it ne'er should rise again,
Withered by loss of blood which her own son
would drain.

LXI

Some say this life's a battle!—it is so!
No fiercer contest ever waged on High!
'Tis not with measured strength; with bended
bow—

Nor marshalled hosts to make battalions fly!
It is not such as armies can defy,
But one continuous struggle with the mind
To bear the thoughts which cannot with us
die,—

That casts a gloom we dare not to define,
Upon a sickened heart and brain convulsed with
crime.

LXII

And life is but an epic, and upon
Its pilgrimage, subdued, we fain would bear
Our scanty portion without derision,
But how can we love what but seems to tear

The things most dear from our paltry share!
Existence is a heartache! can I not
Prove merriment a lie and grace a stare
Upon this stage of fools; of flesh; this spot
Where I would walk contented in my lonely
lot!

LXIII

But let not life be filled with discontent!
All beings suffer some! why should not I?
Whate'er should be my destiny, what bent
Should bear my spirit onward, should I fly
The judgment which I dare not to defy?
Or set my strength against it? I allow
My soul to yield without another sigh;
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow—
And ask forgiveness for the faults which I feel
now.

LXIV

I would not deem mankind to be all false;
Some good remains within this world of care—
A kind thought throbs with every beating pulse
A manly action with each minor fear.

There's recompense for every well-shed tear—
 Bread cast upon the waters shall return
 And bless the giver in a double share.
 And swollen hearts, and aching eyes which burn
 Will find reward which pride or wealth could
 never earn.

LXV

There is a Minister to our woes,
 There is a Comforter for our cares;
 While sorrow o'er the heart its fountain pours,
 Blessings await to wipe away our tears,
 And calm our souls and dispel our fears.
 Who knows for our lot, what should be best
 Save Providence, who lists with open ears
 To every pang which knows the human breast,
 And every frightful dream which will not let
 us rest?

LXVI

A sparrow falleth to the ground; 'tis seen!
 Its faint appeal, on high, is heard to voice!
 Man's nature is so wont on heaven to lean
 That he despairs the wisdom of his choice—

And looks up to his God, e'en to rejoice!
Should he then say what should be or should
not;
Poor being of uncertainty and vice!
But let him gaze upon his lowly lot—
'Twill be enough to bring disgust upon his rot.

LXVII

We are interdependent; we are things
Wrapt in each other; that is when we will
But I have learned to hate man's innate springs.
Go ask him who has drunk life to its fill,
Seen all that can move, felt all that can thrill—
Until his heart has overflown with deeds,
Until no future waits him to fulfil,
And youth is stifled by unwholesome weeds—
And he will tell you why his bosom swells and
bleeds.

LXVIII

'Twas in Habana's city that I stood,
To view the ruins usurped by foreign power,
And lingered o'er the scenes where maidenhood
Of Spanish royalty hath built its bower;

And Baltis doth with every fruit endower,
While Nature's gardens, fountained haunts,
 festoon
With vineclad heaths entwined with fairest
 flower;
And where the heat of Moloch's fiery zone,
Makes Summer Autumn's eve, and Spring of
 Winter's noon.

LXIX

But what a sadness do her halls present,
Grim spectacles which haunt your every way—
The creaking gates where poisoned air gives
 vent,
And awful sounds which in her dungeons stay!
“Relics of ancient usage,” so they say—
“That from Sir Francis or his followers
 sprung,
When prince or pirate sailed into the bay
And claimed a prison rather than be hung”—
Infamous creed which through barbarous ages
 rung.

LXX

As I wandered by the dire broken wall
Which circles with its mass the palace yard,
Erected to that queen whose name we call
While musing o'er the soil Columbus marred
With civilization; I saw the scarred
And beaten gates disclosing, on each side,
The mansion Catharinæ's spirits guard,
Which lifts its form against the silvery tide—
That sweeps from out the waves which by dark
Morro stride.

LXXI

And of this maid no harp hath hither sung,
No Muse declared the anguish of her share;
No wreath of ivy by her name is hung,
No daughters whisper of her dark despair;
No artist traced her solitary lair!
A creature whom the crown of monarchs
crushed,
Save of her virgin beauty lingering where
Her breathless body now is cold and hushed;
'Neath the green grave, whereon the tread of
armies rushed.

LXXII

Catharina was of proud origin,
But her heart was simple and her soul sincere;
Her heritage, a mind unscathed by sin;
Her nature such as though 'twere born to bear
The inroads of reproach upon the ear.
Unlike other princesses, before
Her dignity was marked a line of care;
Of calumny; that on her head would pour
Out its flood of malice from her parental foe.

LXXIII

A queen of all, was she, who met her gaze,
In Madrid's gardens or in Cuban halls;
We mourn her death and now her name we
 praise!
While standing by Habana's cruel walls,
A whisper from the past, her name falls
With such a sweetness on the foreign ear!
Her fate more strangely every heart appals,
For royalty was not bred to appear
A sacrifice upon a princess' funeral bier.

LXXIV

I saw proud Cuba's monuments in age,
The ivied sculpture of her envied great;
Relics of those who filled her brightest page.
'Tis sad to gaze on Cuba's injured state—
Departed worth, degraded Castile's fate—
Lifting its weeping face as one walks by
Cathedral or tomb, palace, or prison gate;
Where once all honor looked in beauty's eye,
And Mothers sung their babes their noontide
lullaby.

LXXV

But Cuba's state has failed; her glory's past;
And as I stroll beneath the evening shade
I view her ancient graces falling fast;
Bowed is her knee before the Saxon blade—
Her breast is bleeding, yet her fame is made!
No more the tyrant sways his sceptered throne,
No more you hear the evening serenade;
Her gayety, at last, is overborne
And prestige sleeps where Pity now is heard to
mourn.

LXXVI

In childhood's days, beside the sea I roamed,
At Portersville, or Petti-bois' shore
And longed its bosom as its waters stormed
And Mexico! still do I love thy roar;
And still thy waves are wont to bear me o'er;
Unfolding, now, in thine unvarying deep,
Thy beauty seems to haunt me more and more;
Now freshening in thy rage and maddening
sweep,
Thy waves become armies—massing their mar-
shalled heap.

LXXVII

A son had bade remaining friends farewell,
And left the hearth where early youth was
reared—
He yearned, for what, his heart could scarcely
tell,
And found it not with whom he was en-
deared—
He yearned to wander, nor his passions cared

Whither his thoughts should lead his wayward
form—

No furrows with his classic features shared,
The careless waters offered him a home,
And he had early learned to love their playful
storm.

LXXVIII

His sail is set, and flying on the wave,
His vessel bears him swiftly from the shore.
Now passing by some monumental grave,
Or viewing new scenes stealing by him slow—
He leaves the channel for a louder roar.
While now a flag is seen to raise on high
From parapet of ancient fort and flow
Its parting to the western breezes' sigh,
The ship sinks into night's cold, dark enameled
dye.

LXXIX

"All's well!" the Captain shouts, "and on the
morn

A cloudless sun shall rise to give us cheer,
For as the sun set every cloud was gone!
And come, my son! a little wine to cheer

Ye saddened brow—and wipe away your care!"
The youth now drinks a rather heavy draught,
'Twas really more than his young brain could
bear—

While onward flies the Captain's sturdy craft,
And onward bears the wind—God knows where
it shall waft!

LXXX

And he had loved, and in that love's dim light
He seemed to see a shadow which forbade
His soul rejoice at what it would invite;
That love had waned, and left his spirit sad
And much perturbed his noble mind, and had
Bereft him of the spirit of his youth;
Midst storm and strife, his soul alone was glad,
And caprice hid his bitter heart from truth,
His life grew dark with misery or sin—or
both.

LXXXI

But I must stop; I started to unfold
The maddened sway which left this youth in
ruin;
And show how soon his life, in deeds, grew old;
I would not have the world his lesson learn,

Or show how oft it made his own eyes burn;
Suffice it that he traversed many a shore,
Suffice it that, at last, he should return
And find all dear had faded evermore;
And left his land again, where should he,
 blighted, go!

LXXXII

Reflection is a virtue, yet it shows
The secrets which we should not care to find;
It shows the vice, the falsity one knows
Pervades humanity—whate'er its kind;
Beauty, chivalry; the graces which bind
Life unto life are but as mockeries,
And purity with Eden's flowers pined,
And left no vestige of her levities,
And sanctity perished with the Corybantes.

LXXXIII

The lofty summit of the peak which rears,
Above a thousand storms, its adamant,
Heeds no rebuke, and knows no friends or
 fears
For what it views beneath its element;

And frowns with scorn from its high firmament
At that which howls and scoffs beneath its
place;

Magnanimous o'er tempests that are spent
On its bold brow; about its pallid face—
Or thunder rolling tumultuously at its base.

LXXXIV

The fury of the tempest quells its fright,
And mountain blasts misspend their strength
in rage,
And Calumny is buried in her Night,
And hate is victim of its own ravage.
And I have learned to solve life's lowly stage,
Not hating, and yet shunning all I see,
I am content to turn from the carnage
That's bred into the beings who would be
The substance and the sink of life's epitome.

LXXXV

Thrice blessed is the man who can arise
From poor contempt, and shake his wrath
away,
And look with pity on who dare despise!
Thrice blessed is he who survives the sway

Of foul injustice baffling all his way!
The crown of right will conquer every foe,
The sun of truth will light each cloudy day,
And Wisdom rises 'midst Hate's deafening
 roar—
Goddess of all she views, about, above, below.

LXXXVI

What majesty pervades the martyr's brow!
All death itself, and that the direst death
Shakes not the victim in his darkest hour;
While struggling for his fast departing breath
Glory is weaving him a wondrous wreath;
The fiercer be the fire which licks his limbs,
Still surer fame rests 'bout his native heath!
Behold him as the scene before him swims—
A hero e'en to those who reck not of their
 crimes.

LXXXVII

And it is morn! my lily sail! fly on!
Come be my playmate, ye distorted winds—
And howl ye tempests, for I love thy storm;
Ye blackened cloud which o'er the ocean bends!
Awake thy thunder, and my joy begins:

Awake! awake! ye sullen cloud and speak,
 And flash thy fiery tongue to Heaven's ends—
 And voice thy trumpet 'til my mast shall
 creak;
 No terrors ride the deep when white's the
 wave's high peak.

LXXXVIII

Bright isles which shine amid this morning's
 light,
 All robed in tenderest hues of sea and sky,
 Which send such rapture to my journeyed
 flight,
 And gem the waters that few vessels ply,
 And start a sympathy from out mine eye!
 How dare the works of man disturb thy wilds,
 When thou, alone, dost all his strength defy?
 How can the tempests storm thy Southern
 smiles—
 Sweet coraled speck! deserted strand! bright
 isles!

LXXXIX

Perhaps lies buried 'neath thy marbled crest
The remnant of a mighty nation's host;
Perhaps brave souls within thy caverns rest—
He's sod the deepest whom man honored
most—

Where are they now, and where their pompous
boast!

Perhaps a mighty people thrived in vain
Upon thy soil, where roams its restless ghost;
And lived and died and failed and fell for gain,
Where now the mournful wavelets sweep thy
proud domain.

XC

Perhaps a Cæsar, springing from some wrong,
Trod loud upon the wrecks of thine empires,
And taught them, that the day cannot be long
When vice will fall beneath despotic ires;
And kindled ashes on their funeral pyres!
And where lies Cæsar in his poor decay—
Encoffined deep where Rome had felt his fires,
And all forgetful of his armed array
He battles lone with dust, for Cæsar was but
clay!

XCI

O for a distant place where I could go
 And hide myself forever from this Earth
 Of bitterness, of solitude, of woe!
 And leave behind the passions of my birth—
 The passions which subdue my very worth;
 Tossing my shipwrecked body on the wave
 Of discontent, of sorrow, yet of mirth;
 Scorching my brain within its fiery lave—
 And leading my faint footsteps to an early
 grave!

XCII

And passion is a flower which would bloom
 In the bare castle where the heart would stay!
 What instincts mingle in the unnamed gloom
 Flickering its last fire on life's dim fray?
 Where dwells the feeble watchlight of the day,
 That flower absorbs as does the mistletoe—
 A candle which must die before the play;
 A sustenance which saps—it would be so!
 Why falls the soul a victim to a friendly foe?

XCIII

When night shows her pale form, passion will
wake;
When she speaks in tempests, passion will burst
His shattered cage, and flow forth for night's
sake—
And mingle with the frantic winds unnursed;
Battling with the tempests. The head accurst;
Revenge; hatred; love and vice; that which
fails
Or is formed; spirits in sin immersed:
All these, and others, with their wastes and
wails
Become a part of night, and shriek amid her
gales.

XCIV

At times a silence comes into our souls;
A silence which would sever every thought
Save that which o'erpowers us and holds
Our beings in the trance which grief hath
brought;
And conquers what Omnipotence has taught;

That silence will subdue; it will pollute
 The crystal fountains which have sprung from
 naught,
 And teach our hearts that man is but a brute
 Who writhes beneath the rod—speechless and
 yet not mute.

XCV

That silence is the sickness of the soul,
 A fell disease which preys upon the mind;
 A deathless pang which we should not unfold;
 Its depth! ah! who would essay to define?
 My God! what hells are found in our kind!
 What burning sand will often blind the face,
 What fearful thoughts are read there line by
 line!
 O that I could forget the human race,
 And dwell alone from what's to me a desert
 place.

XCVI

Does remorse ever end! or as disease
 Which eats into the flesh a separate wound
 For each one healed, does remorse never cease!
 Why does it succumb the soul and rebound
 L. of C.

The awful past—where but remorse is found?
Or as a dragon with his forked fang
Why does it poison existence, while 'round
The heart its tightening coils the meanwhile
hang,
Panting with heated breath each fresh en-
venomed pang?

XCVII,

O weary, wasted, pilgrimage of life!
A thought of thee once more—it shall be brief!
For I am wont to leave thy scenes of strife,
And learn of something which gives some re-
lief;
I would not always bow my head in grief!
Nothing of thee hath cured my heart its ache,
No flower springs beneath thy withered leaf.
Yet I forgive, although my breast should
break—
I yield, if not for thine, at least, for torture's
sake!

XCVIII

I love to roam deep in the Autumn woods;
I love the shaded brook which by me sings;
I love the charms of nature's solitudes,
I love the breath which from each flower
 springs;
I love the home of beasts; the vine which clings
To riven oak sharing its sad decline,
That binds its boughs within its tendril strings,
Or droops in memory of its sire's repine;
Or how sweet is the breath of the wild jesa-
 mine!

XCIX

I love the fields when they are seared and bare;
And often when the sunset leaves the slope
Which rises from yon stream, it leaves me
 there;
For when I meet with beauty I must stop!
I love the gale, when all has fled but hope;
For in the gale a cheer comes from afar,
Speaking of things which might be or be not!
I love the twilight of the evening star;
Reigning in his lonely ray o'er high Matajar.

C

I love antiquity and its domain;
The voiceless ministers of Time; and why?
They do not only elevate the mind
And cultivate its visionary eye,
But turn us to where Earth's most noble lie;
The barbarian and his lot; and those times
When Honor's son was seen to win or die!
That age of doubt when virtue knew no
 crimes—
Which kindled the torchlight on martyrs' swollen
 limbs.

CI

A fit spot is Huelva in decay
To yet preserve where, first, Columbus sailed;
Mingling its sacred ashes with the bay
Which beats the shore where Glory hath
 availed!
Andalusia! thy wealth's gone; thy pomp hath
 failed,
And yet, upon thy once frequented plains—
Now desolate to all, save who prevailed
To love that soil which others would profane,
I cannot silent go, nor shun thee with disdain!

CII

Thy grace hath sources where but grace can
 thrive,
It mingles not its beauty with the fair;
Thy charms would shun the spot where others
 strive,
And hide thy graces in thy grim despair;
By thy soft vales; or by thy mountain lair
Still, grandeur lifts its purple-haunted peak,
Bewildering the stranger's lingering stare,
While all thy plains the blood of heroes speak,
Where battle burnished tears on hatred's mar-
 bled cheek.

CIII

And thou sweet river! silent in thy flow,
That freshens Palos with exotic breath,
And plied by naught save mystics as they go
With lateen sails from greenly covered heath
Which shades thy waters as they pass beneath!

Thy marts are gone, and on yon trackless
strand

Sinks in decay thy people and thy wealth;
And none but pilgrims, such as now I stand,
Tread where once festivity plucked her first
riband.

CIV

Odiel! mighty instrument of Time!
So changeless and unnoticed in thy sway—
With woods and skies deep-pictured in thy
slime.

And, ah! a fairy face, too, in thy bay;
I see a careless form that's far away,
Mirrored as though within thy fadeless glass,
It is a young face! let me catch one ray
That burns sad visions in my mind, alas,
And hides my heedless heart in thy unheeding
mass!

CV

O that her image were of granite stone,
That I might find a substance for the mind;
And hiding her within my heart, alone
Would dwell with that my eye could ever find—

And live with what is real; or else repine
Beside the features thou wouldst so derange
To flitting shadows of a torturing kind,
Which come and go; which sadden and
 estrangle
My being into fancy's fault, and frenzy's
 change.

CVI

The day grows dark—the sun his downward
 course
Is yielding, now, his red unto the west;
And as night nears, the wind becomes more
 hoarse,
The clouds are flying by yon mountain crest;
The sea is dark, and by its swollen breast
I wander lone, as oft I have before;
My mind is in a fever; I must rest!
Alas! what is this life which we adore?
What is this flame which burns my breast
 where'er I go?

CVII

A gale is on! Dark-heaving in its mass
The Ocean shrieks; the heavens burst; the rain
Descends in rivulets on the morass;
Yon forest screams; all Nature sighs in vain;
The waters become mountains, and would fain
Surmount their awful summits as they go
From hill to hill upon the watery plain;
While lightning plays about their crested roar,
And licks his forked tongue within their fiery
flow.

CVIII

But hark! a wail is heard from out the wild,
And I must end this tale! as though enraged
The waters seem to speak; and now revile
Who stands beside their beauty still engaged!
My soul is too full! it must be encaged;
My task is done, and I would leave who here
Would view a young heart blighted, seared and
aged;
Perchance its story shall induce a tear,
Or teach to other hearts part of its grief to bear.

When Sorrow Sits.

I

When sorrow sits to chill the heart,
And sweeps its sadness o'er the mind;
When pensive anguish saith: "Thou art
But human in thy breed and kind!"
'Tis then we turn from life's fray,
And wander by the Ocean's side,
And marvel why we love the play
Which starts the tears we cannot hide.

II

Full oft upon the mountain crag
I view the struggling mass beneath,
And when the haze of Night will drag
Her mantle o'er the purpled heath;

And shroud the Earth in her black lake
And leaves me in the lonely wood,
I feel as though my heart would break—
And yet I know not why it should.

III

And when I view the wild, gay brook
That sings its freedom by my side,
And often see strange faces look
From out the current's foaming tide;
Faces with cheerful smiles for all
Who with rude Nature's tenants dwell—
I weep, at last, when Night shall fall,
Yet why, I cannot, cannot tell

IV

It is a fever of the mind
Which makes us sad and desolate;
It is the hope we left behind,
Or 'tis the future of our fate;
Or 'tis the loneliness we feel;
Or 'tis the misery we know
Or restlessness which makes us reel
Beneath the bondage of our woe!

V.

When sorrow sits to chill the heart
And sweeps its sadness o'er the mind;
When hopes are lost and pleasures part
From out the lives of human kind;
'Tis then we turn from life's dull fray,
And wander, wander, from unrest,
And marvel why we love the play
Which chills the heart and tears the breast.

The Speculation.

I

When I forget an Argus past
That looms a thousand tortured awes;
When women lose their charms; and cast
My mind upon my creditors;
When all is empty save the flask
That sparkles for my midnight gaze
Then I shall turn to Time and ask—
“What do I owe thee for my plays?”

II

When I shall, from this dubious sight
Of empty thieves and vassals turn;
When life is composed in a night
Whose starlights cannot cease to burn;

When I have finished my poor task
And gone where hate can breed no wrong,
Then shall I turn to man and ask—
“How could I stand your rot so long?”

III

When I shall close these eyes in death,
And my cold clay is sod unwept;
And fate shall free this spirit's breath
From out the form whence life hath swept;
When kindred throng about my cask
And place the veil upon my brow,
Then I shall turn to them and ask—
“What can your calumny do now?”

IV

When I shall view that peaceful gleam
Of Death's unwakening; and shall know
That death is but a sleep—a dream—
Wherefrom but revelry can flow;
When Pluto's wine my spirits try,
And devils dance at my wild strain,
Then I shall turn to Earth and cry—
“I would not be with you again”

To Mamie.

I hear a voice within my breast
Which binds my being in its spell;
A voice which bids me say "farewell
To thoughts of peace or dreams of rest:"
My spirit hears its pensive tone,
And says to me, "Go on! go on!"

Again I leave thee! fairest maid
That ever waked my heart's desire,
That ever breathed my spirit's fire,
That ever in my fancy stayed;
Again thy face shall miss this one,
A voice has said, "Go on! go on!"

Oft in thy father's halls, when thou
Would press thy sweet face into mine,
You've asked me what should be the crime
That made me roam—as I do now;
But, 'tis enough that I, alone,
Should know the bane which says, "Go on!"

To Mamie.

‘‘3

In all my paths o’er land and sea,
From native heath to foreign isle,
Save she who reared me as a child,
There’re none whom I have loved as thee;
Yet, now, my love for thee is gone—
A voice has said, “Go on! go on!”

If every face could wear thy smile,
And every heart could be sincere,
And every hope without its tear,
This life might be a pleasant while;—
But, ’tis not so; it cannot be,
For thou, alone, canst be of thee!

Life’s just the same where’er I go;
A morsel of hypocrisy,
Save thou, alone, who could’st not be
As others of this earthly show!
I tire of everything I see
But thy sweet form, and thy dark eye!

Good-by! good-by! my lady love,
My bark is flying from the shore,
Perchance I ne’er shall see thee more;
Yet, howe’er far from thee I rove,
Still shall my passion sigh for thee,
For thee—for thee, and only thee!

Good-by! good-by! across the wave
The lightship, now, is fading fast;
My sail is higher on the mast,
The wind is growing loud and brave!
Fair one! farewell! 'tis done, 'tis done!
A voice has said, "Go on! go on!"

Good-by! my restless spirit screams,
To all my hopes and joys and fears;
To all my trials, griefs and cares;
To all my past, distempered dreams!
Good-by! where'er their breeze be blown—
A voice has said, "Go on! go on!"

And let the past rest 'neath some shade—
The burial-ground of all my woes,
And let forgiveness shame my foes,
And bless the curses they have laid;
For I am on the billows borne—
A voice has said, "Go on! go on!"

"Go on! go on!" and, on I must!
My soul's as restless as yon tide!
A voice is whispering at my side,
A voice which I am wont to trust;
The same which in youth's holy morn
Proclaimed the strange edict, "Go on!"

Farewell, my lady, yet farewell!
The night has closed yon western sky!
The wild winds shriek their wildest cry,
And I must close this parting tale!
Farewell! for I am from thee borne,
A voice has said, "Go on! go on!"

The Love We Ne'er Can Know.

I

Love has its sphere in every life,
How rude soe'er the plain!
It answers woe, and conquers strife
When else has proven vain!

II

When revelry has lost the charm
Which long, has cheered the way,
The queenly calm of woman's form
Attracts the heart's delay.

III

When, oft, I but a stranger passed,
'And met her darkened eye,
'Twould leave the heart estranged, at last,
'And yet, I know not why.

IV

'Tis strange that I cannot forget
The hand I ne'er shall press,
And love the one I never met—
With love that cannot rest!

V

'All nature shows her image now,
Reflected in each sigh
From out the Ocean's purple brow
Or Autumn's azure dye!

VI

'And oft, beside the brook's wild race
I watch the mirrored stream,
And view, therein, her Ægyl face—
That gives to life its dream!

VII

Why so should fortune thus divide
Who ne'er shall meet again,
And leave me but a hope I hide,
And wish that gives me pain?

VIII

Why so should passion thus consume
The fountain it should flow,
And, self-inflicted, blight the bloom
Of love we ne'er can know?

To Lida.

I

Why am I now so far from thee
First being of my early love?
Why do I drift from sea to sea,
Why do my restless passions rove?

II

Why should I brave the cheerless tide?
Where else could such enjoyment be
As that which lingers by thy side,
As that which I have found in thee?

III

In early youth, each fancy cheered
My playful spirits with delight.
Why am I now so cold and seared—
So withered in untimely blight?

IV

I know not what my fate shall be;
I care not what my vision sees!
Thou hast, at last, forsaken me—
And no one else could pain or please.

V

I know not how it is with thee—
For I cannot thy side attend;
I know this much—you once loved me,
And now I'm lone—without a friend.

To Catherine.

I

If I could only live at ease
Beside thy beauty; and there stay,
My life would not be as it is—
Fair flower of my heart's decay!

II

I once had pleasure in thy smile,
And rapture in thy childish grace,
And innocence was mine awhile—
'Til when thou loved another face!

III

My being, once, was rapt in thine
And naught I cared for revelry;
My being, now, is rapt in sin
And maddest spells of gayety!

IV

O how I would my path forsake,
And dwell with love that points to heaven,
But ne'er shall I of that partake
Which to another has been given!

V

And how would I despise the din
Of midnight's mirth, and wine's poor cheer,
Could I but live where love has been—
And be where love was once sincere!

VI

For thy sake, fair one! I depart
To mourn o'er beauty's strange exile,
From who was young, yet strong in heart—
From who was pure but now defiled!

VII

And if upon distant plain
Of Ocean's wild—I sigh for thee,
Forgive the heart that sighs in vain
For what was best but could not be!

A Wine Song.

I

Let's light the spark of life, my friends!
And cheer our wearied hearts with wine,
For years are fleet, and pleasure ends,
Her love is dead, and so is mine.

II

Who would not fill the cup with joy
That hides the heartaches of the past,
And reckon life as but a toy,
And say to pain: "Thou canst not last"?

III

Forget the watchful past, my friends!
And grace the sparkling goblet now—
Fill up the cup with all your sins,
And Angels soon shall light your brow,

IV

And let us drink the sacred draught
So mixed with every woe of life,
And, into our soul's engraft
The liquid which will drown our grief!

V

In all this world of care and woe,
I've only found a partial bliss;
And that is when my spirits go
To drink, or utter listlessness.

The Parting.

I

Two parted—ne'er to meet again
In this life's fitful fever;
With her was love, with him was pain,
With both a sad forever.

II

I saw the youth who stood beside
Castilia's fairest daughter,
I saw the bark, I saw the tide
That soon should waft him from her.

III

The cold wave swept by Morro's base
And bathed her pallid fortress;
A sadness seemed to spell the place,
And mingle with their distress.

IV

I saw him on the ship's proud bow,
I saw his dark eye wander
To haunts more loved than ever now,
And memories grown fonder.

V

I saw his craft fly on the crest
Foaming white on the Ocean,
He flung farewell from out his breast;
'Twas hushed in the billows' motion.

VI

Perchance a woman's fairy hand
Waved partings o'er the waters;
But, then, his craft was far from land
He could not see where she was.

VII

Two parted with a last adieu,
Their hearts beat swift as ever,
And both were young, and both were true—
And both bled there together.

Dejection.

I

O why should I be tossed about
This winter of my dark despair;
With pangs within and pains without—
Is it too much for me to bear?
Die, spirit! die, which in me dwells,
And Earth's denied her hosts of Hells!

II

Why as an exile should I live—
A target for the aim of lies—
Of those I hate not nor forgive,
Of those I stoop not to despise?
Away! away! perfidious masses—
I cannot curse the brays of asses!

III

That hand which rules the stars by night,
And quells the storm that heaves the bay,
And bears the struggling beam to light,
That gives to man another day;
Has so fashioned that Earth should be
Paradise to who cannot see.

IV

For when we see the nothingness;
The void in which our lives are cast;
We writhe in our restlessness—
And wish each breath might be our last,
And flounder as a sailless craft—
Careless whither the wind shall waft.—

V

Then why should this existence gain
False praises from who but regrets
That everything was made in vain,
And life is but a million frets?
Friend! choose thou above fame, folly—
And simpletons to saints—by Golly!

A Toast.

Come cheer my soul, thou aged wine,
Else I shall at this moment pine!
And let thy fancies rule my heart—
Else peace from out my breast shall part!
A drink! for God's sake! but a drink
To stir the withered thoughts I think,
A toast to her who lives afar
Whose love's my light, my lamp, my star!

O lady! lady! as I sip
This draught, my spirits dance and skip,
'And mingle their engendered mirth
With memories of domestic worth;
With thoughts that border earnestness,
'And scenes of bliss and happiness!
So, here she goes, my toast is spent—
Good-night! God save the President!

A Pilgrim's Last Prayer.

God of my hope, I am a wanderer;
My life has been misspent; my cup of sin
Is full, O Lord! I am a transgressor
Of thy most holy laws;—I have so been;
But now I look to thee to be my guide!
O father of the helpless, turn me not aside!

God of my hope, slow fades my life's last spark!
The rain descends; and I am far from home!
My path is lost; the night is growing dark;
The way is rough, I know not where I roam!
My strength is spent; my face in grief I hide,
O father of the helpless, turn me not aside!

God of my hope, my feet are bare and torn;
My limbs are faint; my thoughts are turned to
thee!
My sight grows dim; O leave me not alone;
The stream of life flows swiftly to the sea!
The waves are splashing on the darkened tide!
O father of the helpless, turn me not aside!

A Wish.

O would I were a little child
High-tossed upon the foaming billow,
Or resting 'neath a mother's smile
Breathing soft on an infant's pillow;
Unconscious, thoughtless, all the while!

To Alice.

I trust that my friend will excuse this intrusion,
 sion,
(It may be, at its best, but a strange illusion)
And though I don't know that I have even met
 her,
I don't think, at least, I shall ever forget her!
Still I am haunted by her sweet, childish features—
 tures—
Which show her loveliest of all of God's creatures;
 tures;
Still her classic face will not cease to beguile
 me;
Still my thoughts of her will not cease to revile
 me!
And, as I am feeling, somehow, somewhat frisky,
 frisky,
I think I shall swallow a few drinks of whiskey.

All hail to the wine then! forgetting my lady,
I'll get drunk to-day if I'm not drunk already;
And thank the good Lord, if her He would not
 give me,
At least he furnished some liquor to relieve
 me!

I

This isle of the South, where the sunbeams are
 smiling,
I hailed, with delight, for a long-promised rest;
But here, even here, thy sweet face is beguil-
 ing—
And, maiden, my heart beats for thy gentle
 breast!
Here still is that pang which so long has pur-
 sued me—
That love which consumes its unfortunate fire;
I cannot forget it; its glow has subdued me,
I cannot defy it; its strength will not tire!

II

O would that I never had viewed thee while
 passing,
But turned from thy beauty with scorn and dis-
 dain,

And shunned thy sweet presence for that more
 harassing,
And quelled every thought—which, e'en now,
 gives me pain :
And yet, I but wish that, for once, I had met
 thee
And spoken the passion I cannot conceal ;
Perhaps, if I had, thou would'st not so forget
 me—
And leave me to learn the neglect I now feel !

III

I know that my life has been given to sorrow,
To envy, disgrace and to all other woes ;
What pleases to-day, is but grief on the mor-
 row—
And the pang's just the same where'er one
 goes :
I feel that no friend is about nor above me,
'And I pine 'neath the gaze of my 'desolate
 haunts
'And my heart is sad ; for I know that I love
 thee ;
That for thy gentle form my spirit still pants !

IV

A palace, my lady, I have for my dwelling,
And wealth floats about me in gorgeous attire;
My slumbers are sung by sweet symphonies,
telling
That revelry rules with his passionate lyre;
Around me is mirth—with its mists to console
me,
My mansion is lit with a maiden's fair grace,
But O how I long for again to behold thee,
And dwell in the smile of thine own lovely
face!

V

I know that whatever on earth I now cher-
ish
Must fade into evening, and soon be forgot;
That thou, with the rest, as a shadow, shall
perish,
But forget I love thee! I know I cannot!
I know that from pleasure my soul has been
banished
And left as an exile upon a strange land,

But Fancy forbids that thy form shall have
 vanished;
And my heart is still ruled by thine own wizard
 wand!

VI

In the west, the God of the day is now dying,
The fireflies gather to cheer the lone night,
And Sêraphs, in twilight's last spark, are fly-
 ing,
And heralding dusk with a dancing delight;
They sky of thy brow is now pictured before
 me,
Contentment now reigns where, once, care
 would abide,
The spell of thy witchery now hovers o'er
 me—
'And sorrow has left me as an eventide!

Love's Link.

Love has its dream; its start; its wake;
Its birth's a sigh; its end an ache;
Its pang; its pilgrimage; its pain;
Its sacred harp which sings in vain,
Distorts the life that loves but one,
And mars the midday of its sun.

How often have I seen the face
Whose glow was rapt by woman's grace,
Succumb to sadness when her smile
Had left her favorite awhile,
And found another charm to start
The caprice of a woman's heart!

How often, on this journey here,
I view who was but too sincere
Wandering from his native land,
And dwelling on a lonely strand—
There, perhaps, to find relief
Or sink beneath his wave of grief!

It is not fancy which portrays
The subject of my midnight gaze!
'Tis not that I delight to show
The burnings of a secret woe!
But I have known the fevered sigh
Which burns the brain, and wets the eye;

And I have seen strange beings cast
As mourners o'er a bittered past,
That will not hide a frenzied sight,
That cannot bury Love's respite;
Whose souls, subdued, at last, will sink
As victims to Love's lengthening link.

The Passion of Hate.

If every thought in this wide world of care
Were centered in a single thought; and if
That harmony were blended in one wish,
That wish would cry for vengeance for our
 wrongs,

And rise to curse the makers of our woe.
Hate is that sympathy which thwarted lives
Delight to feed upon. It is that balm
Which Evil leaves to cheer her followers;
Stalking forth only in darkened hours
It scorns Love, and blights friendship as a
 blast.

It rides as the lightning—in its own storm,
Hiding all danger in its beauteous glare,
And heaving its wave of night midst tempests
Of despair—undaunted though forsaken,
Until it makes its misery a heaven.

As the frowning precipice which receives
Shock after shock from the sea-born gale, and
Trembles with the tremor of dark thunder,
'Til thunder, gale and crag unite as one.
Standing defiant as a God, it chides
Its hurricanes to weeping mists of rain—
Dismantling all its foes. And Hate is that
Which cheerless Blight bequeaths to injured
 minds,
That they may revel in their own despair,
And hate a world which they could never love.

But Still My Heart Refuses Rest.

I

I dwelt in halls of courtly grace,
Beloved, yet loved not by my race,
And gorgeous wealth and gay attire
Attended every faint desire;
But still my heart refused to rest,
And still was pain within my breast.

II

I left my native land, and sought
A solitude in climes untaught;
I roamed about from sea to sea,
And stemmed the billow bold and free;
But still my heart refused to rest,
And still was pain within my breast.

III

I sat by Amazon's broad stream,
As though enraptured in a dream,
And walked beneath her forests' shade,
And in her wild a home I made;
But still my heart refused to rest,
Still was there pain within my breast.

IV

I stood on Afric's barren shore,
And watched the wild Atlantic's roar;
I viewed her parched plains afar,
Where sets the lonely Southern star;
But still my heart refused to rest,
Still was there pain within my breast.

V

I found myself a distant isle,
And made myself a lone exile,
Refused to look upon the past,
And swept each memory but the last;
But still my heart refused to rest,
And still was pain within my breast.

VI

Filled with despair, I sought the home
From which my early steps did roam;
But none were there to cheer my heart;
But censure hurled her heedless dart,
And still my heart refused to rest,
Still was there pain within my breast.

VII

O where! O where! where shall I go,
To heal this eating taint of woe!
What clime—what land—shall succor me?
What balm shall set this demon free?
For still my heart refuses rest,
And still pain throbs within my breast.

There is a Dream; There is a Sleep.

"Sed omnes una manet nox
Et calcanda semel via lethi."

HORACE, Book I., Ode xxviii., verse 15.

I

There is a dream; there is a sleep
From which none e'er shall wake to weep;
We tread along this world of care,
And snatch from man our paltry share,
And bear a load we would not bear;
But soon our thoughts must sleep—must sleep.

II

There is a dream; there is a sleep!
We claim a lot we cannot keep,
For earth must perish 'neath the earth,
The grave must overtake our mirth,
For Death was written in our birth;
And soon our thoughts must sleep—must sleep.

III

There is a dream; there is a sleep
Which soon must chill the youthful cheek,
Which soon must fade the sunny eye,
Which soon must dark the Summer sky,
And bring an end to every sigh;
For Thought, at last, must sleep—must sleep.

IV

There is a dream; there is a sleep
Which o'er this form at last shall creep,
And hide this world of bitterness,
And bring one word of tenderness;
And perhaps one of forgiveness;
When this raked brain shall sleep—shall sleep.

V

There is a dream; there is a sleep,
There is a restful calm so deep,
Which soon shall change all human things,
Which soon shall still the heart's strung
strings,
And which soon from this spirit wrings
The thoughts which, here, refuse to sleep.

VI

There is a dream; there is a sleep
Which stills all woe in its broad sweep.
O what for woe shall it replace,
When I shall meet it face to face
Beside the Lethe's dark-running race,
When all my thoughts are drowned in sleep?

VII

There is a dream; there is a sleep—
We all have harvests here to reap—
When we shall wake from our dream,
When Light shall break the tomb's last seam,
Or Hell shall drift us down its stream;
Then we shall sleep, forever sleep.

VIII

There is a dream; there is a sleep
From which none e'er shall wake to weep.
There comes a time when strife must cease,
When grief must stop, and joy increase;
There is a haven-land of peace
When we shall sleep; when we shall sleep.

The Judgment.

“*Εννυχίων Ἀναξ* } SOPHOCLES, Œdip. Colon, verse 1682.
Ἰδωνίῳ } (Edit. Johnson.)

I dwelt among the clouds—the thunderbolts,
 And mingled with the storm and mist and rain :
 Deep shades hung their coils about me.

I became
 A child of Chaos and of Night and, on
 Their spectered shrouds of mysteries, I
 breathed
 Seraphic ether.

And the elements,
 Ungentle as they were, became as breasts
 Whereon I did lay, sailing silently
 Over a listless sea of drifting gloom
 Rolling in dark distress.

The universe,
Shapeless and void, swung from infinitude
Over a pit of reflected blackness
As the shadow of a noiseless vision
Draped in rain, and dreamed in the land of
 myths;
Or as a pendulum of unborn Time,
It swung its dusky pace from cloud to cloud,
And reckoned with its mournful melody,
In dim sepulchral strides, the pulse of Fate's
Eternal, Argus, sentinel.

I looked!
There was no sun, no moon, nor starry sky;
No changing seasons; no sea; no river,
Save of the inky sea of Night, or of
The rushing river of a mighty ruin
Which swept me on in its strong stream.

I looked!
Behold! a Thing of Light flamed from the
 North,
And broke the darkness from my gale-born
 couch;
My vision became blinded as a blank;
Mine eyes hid in their sockets as two stones;
My being burned with radiance.

I sunk
Beneath the awful radiance.

A hand
Was laid upon my prostrate form.

A voice
Spake, and Chaos trembled with dark thun-
der—
As in a moment I was changed.

I saw,
Beside me a Great Spirit clothed in fire.
He grasped me in his dexter grasp, and placed
My being in his flaming bosom.

Wings,
Like two blazoned skies o'er a vale of death,
Whistled as the shrieking of an ocean—
He soared; he soared; he soared.

And on and on,
In his passionless bosom, was I borne,
Till sweeping by the sources of the Winds,
And speeding past the Lightning's aged tower,

And passing e'en the agate gates of heaven,
He hurled me o'er a mighty eminence
Far out upon the lazy wings of Night.—
I drifted—I drifted;—I fell——

Behold!

In a moment was I changed; by the side
Of a fevered mother's breast was I laid—
But O how helpless! and my soul was bound
About by a strange decay known as flesh.
Hark! I was but a babe! but a struggling
Thing of life on the morning of a day.
Strange beings gazed upon me; and I heard
Strange voices speak in stranger languages.
No more I swept the raging tempests;
No more I dwelt upon my mountain heights—
Alas!

'Twas night again. About me slept
An aching world. Beside me, still, in rest,
My wakeless mother's breathings now were
hushed.

I placed my hand upon her breast; that breast
Was cold in the chill of frigid death.
My baby lips pressed 'gainst her dugs, but ice
Had frozen fast the free maternal stream.

A moonbeam rested on her silent lips,
Yet feared to pierce her eyes which stared me
dumb;
And hark! I heard a rushing wind. My limbs
Were paralyzed in unnamed fear; alone
I laid.

Before me moved a grim specter.
His ashened face was prest against my lips;
He breathed his wizard breath into my breast;
And, stretching his cold fingers o'er my brow,
Set a dark seal upon my temples.

Hark!

Years had flown; swift-gliding seasons had
stole
Long marches, and I had merged in childhood.
I wandered 'bout the open fields, and roamed
Beside the mighty ocean, and I braved
The rivers' dashing currents in my glee.
But I was sad, and yet I knew not why;
A demon seemed to haunt me; and upon
My face was written a strange sign.

My breast

Was filled with strange emotion.

I was not
As others who walked on the earth; nor did
I become as them. I could not!

Aloof
I held myself from all mankind, and dwelt
Alone with Nature, for I seemed to love
The things inanimate with others.

Hark!
Years had flown; swift-winged years upon the
Page of Time. Childhood had merged in
manhood.

As a mountain did I stand against the world;
Filled with strange fire and yet unmovable—
Warm from within, yet cold and bleak without.

That fire did prey upon the springs of life;
It ate my heart away, and agonized
My discontented mind.

I left the world;
I wandered over unfrequented seas,
And walked on barren soils—where ne'er had
trod
The footprints of a human step.

I roamed—

I roamed. My brain was dark, and in despair
I cursed all Nature—all Infinitude.
That curse did rebound on my soul.

A storm

Had set its strength against my feeble craft.
The winds ne'er howled more loudly, and the
waves

Ne'er tossed so in their leaps into the sky;
The sky repulsed their charge with bolts of
fire:

'And now my ship had sunk beneath the tides,
I drifted upon the angered waters,
And now my strength was gone.

And all was dark—

'And all was dark; I sunk; I sunk; I sunk;
And gloom encircled me.

In a moment

Was I changed into a brooding tempest
Sweeping from ocean to ocean.

The cloud

'Again was my rude pillow, and the breeze
'Again was my enchantress.

I did ride
Upon the bold ocean billow, and dashed
The instruments of man into the deep.

'And in a moment was I changed to mist
And Night and Chaos; there was no earth, sea
Nor sun; nor moon or starry sky; and Dark
Reigned as a dim specter over Midnight;
There was no water save a lake of ink
Wherein I drifted.

And this is judgment—
Pre-judged e'er infancy; and nursed in crime;
And set upon a shore of misery;
And cursed e'er life is cast into the breath;
And flung from rock to rock; and torn
In pain.

Alas! a struggle against strife,
Yet where all strife is vain, to end at last
In chilled death forevermore.

XI—I.

"The banquet halls are lit, fair women sing
And aged wine fills revelry with smiles."

The Spaniard is decidedly an evening reveler, and those parts of the South seas that are inhabited by the Spanish people are, almost every evening, the scenes of gay and reckless dances.

It is the custom of all trading vessels before they enter a strange harbor to spend a day or so outside of the bar, in order that the captain may make arrangements for landing his cargo. On such occasions, those who desire may go on shore in the lifeboats, as soon as the vessel secures an anchorage.

A person of rank is at once recognized by the Spanish officials, and generally receives an invitation to attend these festivities above referred to.

The author has frequently been a visitor to these places, and has always been accorded an enthusiastic welcome. The people are very friendly, and are highly cultivated in all of the celebrated arts. Their music is highly classical; their paintings and sculpture are of the dramatic order, generally representing some wild scene of adventure or some passionate romance suited to the clime; their poetry is generally on the Italian order—a singsong dingle-dangle—filled with mirth and myth, and generally representing heroes of wild and oftentimes, lewd dispositions, and concluding with some unheard-of tragedy that fills the soul with horror. They have great talent for music.

XII—I.

"Or dwelling on a shore untaught to strange beauty;"

The author refers to natural beauty—the beauty given

by the God of Nature as distinguished from artificial beauty.

One who has frequented the distant islands of the South seas, will detect the sublime and natural beauty of those shores that have not as yet been trampled under the foot of man—their grandeur surpasses any scenery in the world.

XXXI—I.

“Reposing on a distant western isle.”

This refers to the demolition of the city of Galveston, in the month of September, 1900. The following is the statement which was given of the catastrophe immediately after its occurrence.

“The most appalling calamity in the history of modern times has befallen Galveston. Everywhere there is death and ruin and desolation. A great commercial city is stricken with misfortune, and her people appeal to the outside world for help. Parents mourn their children, and children mourn their parents by the terrible hurricane which swept all of South Texas Saturday and Saturday night.

“The damage to business and residence property is beyond computation. The city is almost ruined. The wharf front is almost gone. Every ocean steamer is stranded. No pen can depict, or language adequately describe the awfulness of the situation. It is simply immense, unparalleled, and even those who went through the experience of the storm and survived, are so dazed they can hardly realize the enormity of the loss. A stricken city is in misfortune, and asks the people of the country to send food and clothing and water,

"Galveston is situated on an island extending east and west for twenty-seven miles, and is seven miles in its greatest width north and south. No city could be in greater danger with such a horrible visitation as has come to Galveston. In no part of the city, with its 68,000 population, is it more than six feet above the sea level. The flat condition now only points to the desperation of the situation of the people at such a time as this; but their danger may be considered emphasized when it is known that exactly where the city is built the island is only one and one-quarter miles wide.

"The storm commenced raging between nine and ten o'clock Saturday morning, and by noon the waters of the Gulf had inundated the island as far inland as Twelfth street. From there the waters were gradually encroaching further inland, rising about fifteen inches an hour. At six P. M. there was thirty-six inches of water in the lobbies of the Tremont Hotel, the highest point in the city. The storm increased in fury with the hours of the night, the wind reaching a velocity of eighty-four miles an hour, and then the instruments of the Government Observatory were wrecked.

"When morning dawned the city was in ruins."

XLV—I.

"The sunset sky that's pictured o'er her fate."

In Carthage, just before the sun sets, it assumes a hectic hue as though it were setting for its last time. Such attracts one immediately, when he remembers the untimely fate of ancient Carthage.

XLVI—I

"The mother of the arts, who cradled Rome."

It seems unnecessary to state that the Romans derived, practically, all of their knowledge of the fine arts from the example of Greece.

LX—I

"How! how! could he appease a mother's pain!"

France is here spoken of as having been the mother soil of Napoleon. While it is true that Napoleon was by birth a Corsican, yet he allied himself with France (to which government he was then no alien), and his destiny rose and set with that of the French.

When Corsica was struggling for independence under the leadership of General Paoli, Napoleon was offered a command over the insurgents, but refused it, stating that "Corsica could never maintain its independence." Which showed that he felt himself more closely allied to France than to Corsica. To say the least, he was an adopted son.

LXVIII—I

"Makes Summer 'Autumn's eve, and Spring of Winter's noon."

The natural temperature of Havana is tempered by the continuous breeze which blows from the Gulf, making it not disagreeable in the summer, and giving it the touch of our spring during the winter months.

LXIX—I

“And awful sounds which in her dungeons stay.”

Just below The Palace in Havana, may be seen the ancient prison erected by Sir Francis Drake when he landed on the island. This prison originally fronted the Gulf of Mexico, and guarded the pass which opens Havana Bay into the Gulf. Its walls are estimated to be sixteen feet in thickness in some parts, and are built of rugged stone.

The dungeons of this prison are very damp and deep, and are enclosed by heavy iron gates. The waters of the bay roll against its south side, producing strange sounds within the dungeons—ghostlike sounds—which vary with the violence of the wind and waves outside.

LXX—I.

“The mansion Catharina’s spirit guard.”

Catharina was a young and beautiful princess who, it is alleged, was banished from Spain by her father because of her affection for a young Italian nobleman. She was confined in the prison in Havana for two or three years, and, when about to be set free by her lover, died of a broken heart. Her spirit is said to haunt The Palace in Havana, as well as the room lately occupied by the archives of the Spanish government.

LXXIII.

“At Portersville, or Petti-bois’ shore;”

Portersville is a small hamlet situated on the extreme Southern coast of Alabama. The author spent much of his childhood at this place in search of health

and strength. Petti-bois' island is a small island lying just off the Mississippi coast. The author would frequently make excursions to the island from Portersville, with seafaring men.

C—I.

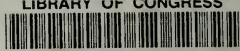
"A fit spot is Huelva in decay.

It is said that the bells of distant Huelva chimed the departure of Columbus on his first voyage of discovery to the New World.

If one could stand by the river Tinto, just as the evening is dying, and hear those bells chime again, he would forget the decay and desolation which Huelva presents. I regard the place as one of the most beautiful as well as historic places in the world.

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